but i can’t give up his touch by byler_stylinson

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Boys In Love, Boys Kissing, Byeler - Freeform, Crying During Sex, First Time, Fluff, Fluff and Smut, Friends to Lovers, Frottage, I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, Loss of Virginity, M/M, Mike is a great Boyfriend, Smut, Top Mike, byler, im such a virgin why did i write this, intended lowercase, lovemaking, sam smith inspiriation i love him, theyre like 17 don’t come for me, theyre precious
Language: English
Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers
Relationships: Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-07-20
Updated: 2018-07-20
Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:14:31
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Underage
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,405
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

will and mike get caught in a flood and spend the night alone together.

but i can’t give up his touch

Author's Note:

> the byler fandom needs more smut so i stayed up till 2 am writing this. it probably won’t be good but enjoy!!

mike wheeler was always a light in the dark of will byers’s life. from scraped palms on the swing set to broken hearts from his father leaving. from hide and seek to being lost in the upside down. mike was always there as a shoulder to cry on and the first one to know where to find him.

since will was five years old, he’s known he has the best best friend anyone could ever ask for.

and since will was fifteen, he’s known he has the best boyfriend anyone could ask for.

now they’re seventeen, more than two years after mike asked will to be his boyfriend on a breezy, july afternoon in 1986.

it had been two years of holding hands under the wheeler’s dining table, stealing kisses in the dark, “accidentally” locking bedroom doors when they had sleepovers by themselves.

they had become good at hiding, always a good lie memorized to cover up the underlying truth.

but when they were alone, it was all they could do to stay off each other.

lips on lips, clothes astray from corner to corner of one of their rooms, bare hands on bare skin. they couldn’t get enough of each other.

they liked being a secret; they liked that only they knew what they did in the dark. it made them hungrier.

the art of sneaking around made any promising hour alone golden.

most of the time, the farthest they would get was will dry riding mikes lap until they came, maybe even a handjob or two.

but an empty house meant will digging through his drawer to find lube and letting mike finger him until he was a squirming mess. or sometimes will would go down on mike and have him chanting his name until he released deep into the back of his throat.

they took care of each other, in the least. they understood each other. sometimes will would wake up a few minutes before mike, his head in the crook of his neck, in his bed, legs tangled, drowning in mike. he would stare up at his boyfriend just watch him breathe.

not in a creepy way, no. just to admire the purest form of mike. the way his lips curled up and were parted slightly and the rise and fall of his chest.

and when mike stirred awake and pulled him into a kiss, ignoring the god awful morning breath mike possessed and the chance of getting caught by ted, who was getting ready to leave to work, he knew he would never love anyone more than he loved mike.

and when will would call mike over supercom in the middle of the night just to tell him he misses him, when they had just spend the afternoon together only a few hours prior, he knew he would never love anyone more than he loved will.

they were driving through downtown indianapolis at a mere 5 miles an hour due to a flood that broke out in the middle of the afternoon. they spent most of the day touring colleges around the city and were supposed to be home by supper, but mother nature wasn't about to let that happen.

they found a payphone and reluctantly called karen and joyce, telling them they would have to spend the night in a hotel. their moms had no choice but to oblige, since it was impossible for them to get home because the freeway was closed because of the flooding. and they had put enough money together to get a decent, single room.

they had been driving for what felt like hours and they both nearly fell onto the bed in their room, as if their legs gave out. it was only

about 8pm but they were exhausted.

will was unusually quiet. he should be giddy and excited that they had a night alone, something they hadn't had before they started being intimate. they had been in the room for only a few minutes but they both were sprawled out on the bed with their shoes kicked off and their coats thrown off somewhere and the tv was on, playing some old movie from when their parents were kids, they had both seen it a thousand times.

mike felt something off, and he looked over and saw will playing with the hem of his shirt, not paying attention to the movie.

mike crawled up towards him, "will is there something wrong?" he stared intently.

"i just, visiting those colleges all day made me really nervous. i know it's months away but i can't imagine ever leaving my mom," his hazel eyes welled up with tears and it made mikes heart break.

"baby, i know. i think everyone our age is scared," he held will's hand in his, stroking his knuckles with his thumb. "and you know what? i'll be there every step of the way."

"you mean that?" will smiled widely. "you want to follow me to college?"

"of course, i'd be crazy if i didn't," mike smiled back and pulled will into a hug. they cut off the tv, only a dim light coming from the moon and the city lights. will slowly crawled into his lap as they kissed sweetly for a few minutes.

they let it sink in that they were miles from home, alone. a gorgeous skyline just outside their window, no chance of being barged in on or caught and their tender kisses turned into a heated make out session quickly.

before they knew it, will was grinding his crotch down on mikes, something they had done only a million times prior. they could feel each other getting hard and suddenly the room became way too hot and shirts were being unbuttoned and flys were unzipped until they

were both left in boxers.

they were both finally undressed- for the most part- and mike had flipped them over to properly grind his hips down onto will and he was so hard it was driving him crazy. he wanted the boxers off and he wanted to make the boy underneath him feel better than ever before.

“do you want to?” mike asked, reluctantly, breaking their kiss and moving his hip from will’s waist to his cheek, letting their foreheads press together.

“do you have stuff?” will asked through heavy breaths.

“it’s in my jeans,” mike replied before catching will’s lips in another kiss.

“then yeah,” will told him, watching him crawl off the bed and take long strides to his jeans that were thrown somewhere on the floor. he started pulling his boxers off as mike returned, lube packet and all.

mike helped him pull his boxers down before throwing them in the direction of the rest of will’s clothes. he felt no need to be self conscious or shy after countless times of being told how much mike loves his body and how “perfect” he thinks he is. he placed pillows under will’s head and one under his hips and will thinks he could cry, he loves him so much.

mike reaches up to kiss him once before telling him, “gonna prep you, love.” another thing will loves about his and mikes relationship: nicknames. he doesn’t use them that often but every time mike calls him “baby” or “love” he thinks he could explode, he loves it. he loves mike.

mike squirts some of the lube from the packet on his palm and throws it somewhere on the bed and starts to trace his finger over will’s hole. it makes will shudder and reach down to find mikes hand, which he takes without hesitation. will always got so worked up when mike fingered him, and knowing that they were going farther than they’d ever gone before just made him more nervous, but he was also overwhelmed with excitement.

mike made sure to take his time opening up will and stretching him. he wanted this to be just as good for will as it was going to be for him. he wanted them both to enjoy this.

will was squirming, already hot all over and butterflies swarming his tummy from mike opening him up so well.

“mike, i’m ready,” will told mike, not wanting to come yet. mike was three fingers in and slowly pulled then out and wiped them on the hotel comforter beneath them.

“okay, how do you want me?” mike asks as will stays lying down.

“this is fine, i want to see you, wanna see your face,” will was turning shy and mike could sense it.

“hey, relax, babe. we don’t have to keep going if you’re too nervous. we can stop right now if that’s what you want,” mike holds will’s cheek in his hand and silently hopes that will doesn’t want to stop, he was painfully hard and he hadn’t touched himself since they started, too caught up in prepping will.

“no, i want to, promise,” he puts his own hand over mike’s.

“good, good,” he presses a kiss to will’s lips. “gonna make this so good, wanna make you feel good, yeah?” he looks down at him. will nods and kisses him again.

mike sits up to find the lube before drizzling most of the packet over his length, not taking any chances because he definitely won’t want to have to stop because he didn’t get enough the first time.

he reaches up to will again, holding one of his hands while the other was lining himself up with will’s hole. he doesn’t push in, yet.

“i love you, will,” he tells the boy beneath him.

“i love you, mike,” he returns before they catch the others lips in a kiss.

“goddamnit, wheeler, just put it in already. i’m dying over here,” will says, huffing and breaking the kiss.

mike chuckles before he finally presses the tip into will. he can hear will gasp but he keeps going, not feeling any tension coming from the boy beneath him, their hands in each other's and resting on will's stomach.

the tip gets just past the first ring of muscle and will can feel everything. it doesn't hurt yet but he's anticipating it, letting mike go at his own pace for the time being. he's being so gentle and realizing it makes his eyes well up because this is finally happening and mike is doing perfectly.

mike pushes in little by little and gets halfway in before looking up at will, seeing his eyes closed and his head thrown back with silent tears falling down his cheeks. "you're doing so well, baby. so good for me," he tells him and he hears will let out a tiny, choked sob.

he stays going slow like that until he finally bottoms out. "the hard part is over, babe, are you okay?" he asks will, beneath him and he opens his eyes for the first time mike has seen since he started to penetrate him.

"yeah, move, but slow. feels good," he chokes out and takes his free hand to place onto mikes back, nails just barely digging into the smooth skin. but it's enough to make mike slowly start to thrust in and out.

he's been moving for a minute or two and he can feel his length throbbing inside of will, the slow pace driving him crazy.

"will do you mind if i-"

"please," he cuts him off.

mike starts going faster, little by little until his hips become mechanical. he's releasing deep groans with every thrust and will is writhing and whimpering beneath him. his ankles were locked around mikes waist and his nails were scratching at his back. they let go of each other's hand so mike could fuck into him properly and will used his free hand to wrap around his own erection, the friction from mikes abdomen not being enough.

“mike, please, please. gonna come soon,” will babbles, barely getting the words out before mike starts stabbing into his prostate with every thrust.

“me too,” mikes hips become impossibly faster and will cries even harder, loving being treated like this. loving how gentle mike was.

will used to be hated treated like glass- when he was younger- , as if he were on the verge of breaking. his mom and his friends, with the exception of mike, always acting like he was some fragile cargo, some type of burden. he knew they weren’t trying to make him feel badly, but even then, mike understood and was the only person to treat him normally. and now, mike is the one being gentle. not because he wanted to baby him but because will was absolutely precious to him and he only wanted to be gentle and make him feel loved.

he was so lucky to have someone as careful, patient and caring enough as mike.

the combination of that thought and mike wrapping his own hand around will’s erection, tugging a few times at the same speed as his hips had him clenching hotly around mike and chanting his name as he spilled all over his and mike’s chests. will was so tight around him that he was driven over the edge as well, releasing into him with a groan. they rode out their highs together before mike collapsed next to will.

they lied there in silence and tried catching their breaths, holding each other as close as possible.

“i can’t believe we just did that,” will said, still panting slightly.

“me neither. how was i?” mike asked, turning to face him, cheeky.

“you were perfect,” will kissed him until mike got up to wet a washcloth from the bathroom so they could clean themselves off before they slept, which was sounding incredibly appealing. they could barely keep their eyes open.

they fell asleep in each other’s arms, so close, so in love. they ignored the cruel world that was just outside their window, only for tonight.

they didn’t need outside approval. all they needed was the love that radiated and flourished between them. they wouldn’t have it any other way.

love the way that he’s driving me insane

and the way that he’s calling my name

love the way that he holds me at night

and he way he’s doing me right

it is him i love

holy father, judge my sins

i’m not afraid of what they will bring

i’m not the boy that you thought you wanted

i love him

Author's Note:

> i hope that wasn’t too painful, i tried my very best. if you enjoyed, pretty please leave a comment or kudos! thanks!!! also follow me on tumblr @bylerduh <3